# CHARLOTTE JOURNAL.

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MOON'S PHASES.

*For July, 1837.*

| | D. | H. | M. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| New | 2 | 4 | 9 | aft'n. |
| First | 10 | 7 | 49 | even. |
| Full | 17 | 5 | 30 | even. |
| Last | 24 | 8 | 45 | morn'g |

REMEMBRANCE.—BY C. W. CARTER.

Oft at the hour when evening throws
Its gathering shade o'er vale and hill,
While half the scene in twilight glows,
And half in sun-light glories still!
The thought of all that we have been,
And hoped and feared on life's long way—
Remembrances of joy and pain,
Come mingling with the close of day.

The distant scene of youth's bright dream,
The shilling green, the rustling tree;
The murmur of the grass-fringed stream,
The bounding of the current free—
The friend, whose tender voice no more
Shall sweetly thrill the listening ear,
The glow that Love's first vision wore,
And Disappointments pange—are here.

But soft o'er each reviving scene
The chastening hues of Memory spread;
And smiling each dark thought between,
Hope softens every tear we shed.
O thus, when Death's long night comes on,
And its dark shade around me lie,
May parting beams from Memory's sun
Blend softly in my evening sky.

## TILLAGE.

Improvements in tillage may truly be said to be the basis, or real foundation, on which the successful introduction of all the new articles of field culture depend. When the ground is well tilled, it is in the most perfect condition for receiving the fertilizing principles of the atmosphere. Rain, snow, hail, dews, and hoar frost, &c. convey the nutriment of vegetation, which exists in the air, most plentifully into the bosom of the earth, as deep as it has been broken and well pulverized. It is the only effectual means of rooting out weeds, so necessary to the beneficial growth of all crops, and should be repeated till they are in a great measure destroyed. The roots and seed of weeds are the ligaments and brace which in a great measure knit and bind the clods together, and are indissoluble, till being exposed to the action of the air, the roots within rot and decay, and the clods, almost by their own gravity, expand into small crumbles, and are reduced to a perfect state of pulverization.

The destroying of weeds, however, is not the only immediate benefit accruing from a good state of tillage; grubs, beetles, worms, and maggots of many different kinds, which abound in most fields, may be greatly diminished, if not extirpated by the well timed use of the plough, and its auxiliary instruments necessary to the reduction of the soil. Nothing so effectually prevents the ravages of the several tribes of subterraneous insects, as the frequent stirring and crumbling of the ground. Large patches, of several poles square, in a field of beans, are frequently destroyed by the grub of the cock-chafer; and many hundreds of cabbage plants by a kind of grey grub of less size. Both these execute their mischief under ground. The first eats the roots of the beans, even when in bid, when they wither, fall, and die; and the latter bites of the stem of the plant just under the surface. Tillage, duly performed, always destroys the whole race.

The improvement the soil acquires by means of frequent and well timed tillage, is valuable and progressive, and the longer it is kept in tillage, if duly performed, the more fertile it becomes. One ploughing in the beginning of winter, and a second early in the spring, will be more effectual in pulverizing the soil than half a dozen at any time of the year. This improvement in tillage is so very clear and certain, that it surprises one much that it is not universally practised.—*Farmers' Cabinet.*

## CULTIVATION OF WHEAT.

The right kind of *spirit* is getting abroad among the farmers at the east of us, if not in other sections of our state, which will be productive of immense advantage to all classes of her citizens, should the coming season prove as propitious as we have reason for anticipating. We allude to the preparations which are making by our farmers for raising large quantities of wheat. A correspondent of the Maine Farmer (which, by the way, is an excellent Journal of the kind) says that the attention of our community, is being turned from old pursuits to those of much more importance, and they appear to be determined to prove the oft-asked question, 'can we raise our own *bread stuff*' in the affirmative. A large number of farmers, he says, in North Yarmouth and there about, are turning their attention to this important branch of agriculture, and new improvements and new experiments are about being tried, and the most productive and heaviest seed is inquired for, and much pains taken to obtain it. One farmer in that town during the past winter, hauled on to his farm about 20 cords of muscle-mud from a distance of four miles, believing it to be very favorable to the growth of wheat when applied to the soil;—and it is estimated that 2,000 loads of sea-muscles, or muscle mud, were scattered throughout North Yarmouth during the same time.

In a report to the Legislature last winter, by E. Holmes, Esq. Editor of the Maine Farmer, it is assumed "that there are 500,000 inhabitants in the state, and that those require 1 lb. bread per day, or 365 a year, which will make 912,500 barrels of flour—a deficit of 671,968!—In the next ten years, the increase was only about 5000 bushels a year—while the increase of consumers was 10,000 a year, giving only half a bushel a year. From 1830, to the close of 1837, the Report assumes that the increase will be about 5000 bushels, which, allowing 5 bushels to a barrel of flour, the whole amount raised in Maine, is 57,466 barrels of flour—while we have to purchase at the New York Mills 855,034 barrels of flour! or pay out $5,130,204, for bread stuffs, or go without!"

This fact alone should rouse the yeomanry of Maine to supply their own wants, in preference to being dependant on other sections of the country for those necessaries of life, of which their own soil is capable of producing in abundance.—*Portland Adv.*

*Farmers look here.*—A sensible writer in the Bangor Mechanic and Farmer, in compiling and examining the subject of the culture of Wheat, says, that "wheat countries by continued cultivation becomes almost incapable of yielding wheat. It has been found that every soil is defective unless there is a mixture of three kinds of earth, to wit: clay, sand and *lime*; and that lime in some of its combinations exists in wheat both in the kernel and straw. In some soils fertile in other respects, lime may have no existence, or found in minute portions and be soon exhausted. If lime be a necessary constituent of wheat, and is not in the soil where we attempt to raise it, it must be supplied by art, or wheat will not grow—or if native lime exists in the soil in very small quantities, the land may bear wheat until the lime is exhausted, and then becomes incapable of producing that plant until a fresh supply of lime, marl, or pulverized bones, or some other calcareous substance is supplied." With a full knowledge of all those circumstances, it can be easily foreseen when an otherwise tolerably rich soil becomes worn out, and at last incapable of producing more than half a crop of wheat. It is a subject we hope the farmers will take under deep consideration.—*Lancaster Express.*

*Rot in Cotton.*—Dr. R. Harden has recently published a long article on the "Rot in Cotton," which he supposes to result from a diseased or morbid condition of the seed. He proposes the following remedy:

"Select a part of the crop purposely for seed, let this cotton remain without picking until a killing frost, then, when the weather is cool, pick the cotton in dry weather, expose it to the sun and air every day until it is ginned, then sun and air these seed several days, until they are dry, then keep them thinly spread in a large room, opening the door and windows when the weather is fair, frequently stirring them and sunning them until planting time. Seed thus managed, I believe, will produce cotton that will not rot.—*Southern Times.*

*Penny Royal.*—Farmers might easily save the flesh of horses and cows, and confer great kindness on their animals, in preventing the usual annoyance of flies by simply washing the parts with penny-royal.—Flies will not alight a moment on the spot to which this has been applied. Every man who is compassionate to his beast, ought to know this simple remedy, and every livery stable and country inn ought to have a supply on hand for travellers.—*Yankee Farmer.*

*Life is short.*—The poor pittance of seventy years is not worth being a villain for. What matters it if your neighbor lies in a splendid tomb? Sleep you with innocence! Look behind through the track of time; a vast desert lies in retrospect; through this desert have your fathers journeyed; wearied with years and sorrow, they sunk from the walk of man. You must leave them where they fall; and you are to go a little further, where you find eternal rest. Whatever you have to encounter between the cradle and the grave, every moment is big with innumerable events, which, now in slow succession, bursting forcibly from a revolving and unknown cause, fly over this orb with diversified influence.—*Blair.*

## THE DEAD DANCERS.

A most astonishing story which was lately cut from a French Journal describing the death of a gentleman while waltzing, is going the rounds of the newspapers. The incident reminds us of another which is said to have occurred in this city many years since, and which might furnish the ground work of a fashionable tale of horror. Miss ——, a young lady of beauty and accomplishments, but of a disposition singularly perverse and exciting, was betrothed to a French officer who had been placed upon the half pay list from being incapacitated for service by a musket ball which he received in his breast, and which had not been extracted. Captain —— was an excellent waltzer, but owing to the state of his health he could never take more than one or two turns upon the floor without being overcome by exhaustion, and indeed his physician had expressly forbidden him to *share* in that exciting dance. Waltzing, though subsequently written out of fashion by the authors of Salmagundi, was at that time nearly as much in vogue as at present, and Mrs. ——, who affected to be a leader of ton, was one of the first always to join in the graceful whirl. Partners, however, were not easy to be obtained unless when foreigners were present, and it chanced one evening that Miss —— entered a ball room just when Captain —— had waltzed a few turns, and overcome with the exercise, was about retiring from the room. The lady was provoked at having arrived too late to secure her lover for the first dance, and with a want of consideration truly unfeminine, laid her hand upon his arm to detain him in passing. Poor Monsieur ——, though pale and sinking, had too much of the Frenchman about him to resist the appeal. He begged a short respite, however, which was granted, while the careless girl rattled away with the beaux who had clustered around her as she leaned upon the arm of her silent lover. After a very brief time, a single quadrill only having intervened, the waltzing couples were called to the floor, and the thoughtless Miss —— hurried her partner into the gay circle.—The band struck up. The dancers moved, and the slow time enabled the invalid captain to get through the first round with apparent ease. He seemed, too, to gather life as the time of the music quickened, and the waltzers moved faster and faster; nay, his strength was so renewed, that he soon tired out the other couples.

The floor was left to this single pair; and now so swiftly did they whirl around that the musicians in turn had to follow them with the most rapid execution. The gaze of the whole company was fixed upon this eccentric pair, when suddenly the face of the lady was seen to turn of a purple color, while the features of her partner worked as if affected by some hideous spasm. Her eyes rolled with an anxious, appealing look, while his became fixed with the stare of a maniac, her arms fell listlessly by her side—his seemed to contract like hinges of iron about her person, which, folded in his embrace, was flung with the last move of the delirious and dying man a corpse upon the floor. The horror-struck spectators sprang to the assistance of the unfortunate lady, but she was already gone and her lover expired before she could be released from his arms. An examination of the officer's body proved that his death ensued from the dropping inwardly, upon a mortal part, of the bullet he had so long carried about him; and, in the sudden delirium of his death agony, he had wrought some fatal injury to the lady by the horrible compression in which he held her.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

## FAMILY WORSHIP.

Family religion is of unspeakable importance. Its effect will greatly depend on the sincerity of the head of the family, and on his mode of conducting the worship of his household. If his children and servants do not see his prayers exemplified in his temper and manners, they will be disgusted with religion. Tediousness will weary them. Fine language will shoot above them. Formality of connexion or composition they will not comprehend. Gloominess or austerity of devotion will make them dread religion as a hard service. Let them be met with smiles. Let them be met as for the most delightful service in which they can be engaged. Let them find it short, savory, simple, plain, tender, heavenly. Worship thus conducted, may be used as an engine of vast power in a family. It diffuses a sympathy through the members. It calls off the mind from the deadening effects of wordly affairs. It arrests every member, with a morning and evening sermon, in the midst of all the hurries and cares of life. It says: "There is a God!" "There is a spiritual world!" "There is a life to come." It fixes the idea of responsibility in the mind. It furnishes a tender and judicious father or master with an opportunity of gently glancing at faults where a direct admonition might be unexpedient. It enables him to relieve the weight with which subordination or service often sits on the minds of inferiors.—*New York Mirror.*

## AFFECTING NARRATIVE.

We do not know when we have read anything more painfully affecting, than the subjoined account of a murder, deliberately committed by a father upon his four children. The dreadful deed was perpetrated in March, at the parish of Basford, near Nottingham in England. The children were aged ten, eight, five and two years respectively. Their mother was dead. The father-murderer is a man of thirty five, a laborer, described as a man of a kind disposition and good character, and noted for his attachment to his children. The fearful deed appears to have been committed under the influence of a morbid feeling of misery, occasioned by pecuniary distress—yet Greensmith was in constant employment and receiving thirteen shillings a week. The little sufferers were fine healthy children, and much liked by ther neighbors.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

Thomas Greensmith of Basford, (the murderer) having been cautioned by the coroner, said: I live in the yard next to this house, and *Mr. Mark Woodward is my* landlord. I went on Monday morning last to hedge on the farm of Mr. G. Brown, at Bestwood Park; I remained there all the day and returned home in the evening about seven o'clock. When I got home, I took something to eat, staid in the house about half an hour, and then went to the Seven Stars public house, near the Leather Bottle, Nottingham, where I had a cup of ale. I then returned home. I walked alone the whole of the way, and reached Basford between eleven and twelve that night. I met Mr. Joseph Woodward (who is the father of Mr. Mark Woodward, my landlord) in the yard; he asked me about the rent; and I told him I had arranged with his son to pay it the next Wednesday but one; he told me he would have it next morning; I told him it was impossible for me to give it to him the next morning, but that he should have it in the course of the next week; he said he would not be put off in that way, and if I didn't get it ready in the morning, he would take my goods. I thought if he took my goods, that I should have no house—no where to go to—no home, nor nothing—and that before my children should be turned into the street and be separated from me, I would suffer what the law would please to clap on me. (The prisoner here paused, and it was very apparent that great emotion was passing within his bosom, but after he had answered two or three questions, he resumed and described to the jury in the most minute detail, and with the greatest composure, as follows:)

Coroner—Did you turn your housekeeper away that night?

Prisoner—I told her she must go, and I intended her to go out and not stay there that night.

Coroner—Did you go up stairs as soon as she was gone?

Prisoner—No. I was not willing to part with my children, so I made up my mind to strangle them, and did it with my handkerchief.

Coroner—When did that idea first come into your mind?

Prisoner—Not till that night—after talking to Mr. Woodward. I did not proceed up stairs immediately after my housekeeper left. I staid in the houseplace about an hour—I then went up stairs, and went directly into the children's room. I think some of them were awake, but I don't know particularly. The threat that Mr. Woodward gave me caused me to do what I did. There were two in one bed and two in the other. I think I took my handkerchief out of my pocket when I got up stairs, but I don't know where. I went to the bed where the two youngest ones were lying (Mark and Ann:) I think they were not awake at the time. I kissed them all, shook hands and bade them good by, before I destroyed them. In less than a minute after I got into the room I began; I took the youngest (Mark) first, I twisted my handkerchief a bit and put it round its neck, and tied it in a fast single knot. I drew it tight but did not pull it at all afterwards; I then left hold of the handkerchief. [The prisoner, there is little doubt, in his agitation, drew the knot of the handkerchief in the first instance across its mouth, as it bears marks on its lip, and its tongue is bitten.] I had a candle with me in the chamber; I stood in the chamber, but do not know that I looked at it while it was strangling; I believe I did not look at it. I kept the handerchief on its neck five minutes. I then took it off, and the child appeared to be dead. I did not see that it bled at the mouth, as I did not look at it in the face. It did not scream. Never a one of them ever winced. I went to Ann next, and tied the handkerchief round her throat in the same way. When I had throttled Ann, I went down stairs and staid against the fire for a few minutes. I stood considering; and thought I might as well suffer for them all as for two.

I then went up stairs again, and was going up to the bed where the other two lay (the bed under the window, in which John and William, the two eldest boys were) when William jumped out of bed, ran across the floor, and got into the bed where Ann and Mark lay, which is the cause they are all in one bed. I thought he had seen me strangle the other two. As he ran across the floor, he said, "Pray, father, don't do me so." I then tied the handkerchief round the biggest boy's neck (John's.) I did not look to see if John struggled, but went and sat down on the bed side against William, and said to him, "My lad, we'll all share our fate; when I've done with you I shall have nobody to think of but myself, and it will be my turn next," and he never spoke more. They none of them ever winced, and I will take my oath never cried out. I then went and took the handkerchief off John, and tied it round William's neck. When I took the handkerchief off John's neck, he appeared to be quite dead. William made no resistance; if he did it was the least in the world, as I gave him no chance, and he never screamed out at all. As soon as I had tied the handkerchief on William's neck I went down stairs, where I staid for more than an hour; I then went up stairs again, and sat on the bedside where William, Ann, and Mark lay, till about five o'clock. I then took the handkerchief off William's neck, and put it in my hat this is it (taking a cotton handkerchief out of his hat and holding it up to show the coroner.) I shook hands with them all, as I thought it would be the last time I should see them, and started.

Coroner—When you destroyed the children, had you any idea of destroying yourself?

Prisoner—No. I knew I should be taken in a day or two. I know I shall have to suffer what the law will inflict upon me.

Coroner—How old are you, Greensmith?

Prisoner—Thirty-five.

This closed the case, and the jury immediately returned a verdict of "wilful murder against Thomas Greensmith."

The prisoner was not in the least affected by this verdict, but, on the contrary, as soon as he had delivered his testimony, his countenance brightened up, and he appeared more cheerful than during the examination of the witnesses.

*As you were.*—During the late war with Great Britain, a dashing belle, who is now a very kind mother of several children, found her progress arrested as she passed down Court street, Boston by a flood which prevented her passage to the opposite walk. She paused to consider her situation, and anxiously looked toward the desired haven, when an honest tar with a canvass hat, and blue ribbon inscribed—U. S. frigate Constitution, bore up and reconnoitered her position. Without any apology or ceremony, he encircled her waist with his muscular arms, and wading knee deep through the water, landed lady sensitive on the opposite shore: More vexed than grateful, our belle curled her pretty lip, and said "you are an impudent fellow, sir.' Belay that my dear, said Jack, I'll make you fast again. Suiting the action to the word he lifted her a second time and re-forded the stream, placed her safely again where he first found her, observing with a good natured laugh. As you love your mooring so well, hearty, smoke my binnacle, but you may lay at anchor there. The above is true. The lady has grown wiser and less sensitive since this lecture on seamanship was read to her and she frequently amuses her friends by relating the anecdote.

*A good story.*—It is said of a gentleman in this city, that he has a passion for the purchase of second-hand furniture at auction, and that in making "good bargains" he has filled his house with antiquated and almost useless articles. Upon one occasion, his wife took the responsibility, without consulting or apprizing her husband, to have a portion of the least useful truck removed to an auction room. Great was her dismay, and extreme her astonishment, when, on the evening of the day of sale, a majority of the articles came back to the house. The husband had stumbled into the auction room, and, not knowing his own furniture, had purchased it at better bargains than at the first!—*Boston Ev. Gaz.*

*The Wandering Piper.*—This eccentric individual is soon to take his departure for England; and he promises, on his arrival there, to inform the public of his name and rank in life. Since he commenced his tour in the U. States he has travelled 9256 miles by water, 4015 by stages, 780 by railroads, and 8769 with horse and carriage; making in all 22,798 miles. His collections have amounted to $27,000, of which he has given $12,000 to charitable institutions. His travelling and other expenses have amounted to $15,000, leaving him minus $3000.

A roguish boy stole the glasses from his grand-father's spectacles, and when the old gentlemen put them on, finding he could not see, he exclaimed, "Mercy on me, I've lost my sight!" but thinking the impediment of vision might be dirtiness of the glasses, took them off to wipe them; he still more frightened, cried out, "why what's come now? Why, I have lost my feeling, too!"

Man passes his life in remembering on the past, in complaining of the present, and in trembling for the future.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

LIVERPOOL, MAY 24.

*Dangerous illness of the King.*—The King had a very severe attack of the asthma on Sunday, which prevented his usual attendance at Church. It is now reported, all but officially, that he cannot attend in London, this day, to preside at the grand dinner in honor of the Princess Victoria.—Sir Henry Halford has been in constant attendance. The report by this morning's paper is, "His Majesty is better." The Queen's health is slowly mending. She had, it seems, placed herself under some Homœopathic quack, who nearly killed her.

There is no use in concealing the fact that American credit is at its lowest here. The word in every one's mouth is "The Americans mean to pay us off by a general insolvency." Meanwhile, the merchants of Liverpool and London, the manufacturers of Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, Nottingham, Leicester, &c. positively decline making consignments with such a scanty chance of payment.

In domestic matters, we have had only three *events* since my last. The election of Broadwood (the piano forte maker) as M. P. for Bridgewater, against young Sheridan, who ran away with Miss Grant last year; Sir F. Burdett's having made, the evening before last, a flaming speech against the abolition of church rates; and Serjeant Talfourd (the author of Ion) having made an able speech on Friday, in moving the extension of copyright (literary) to 60 years after the author's death.

We are in daily expectation of a change of ministry. Earl Grey and the Duke of Richmond have been closeted with the King, and the former is said to be anxious to resume office as Premier. The Whigs are afraid that Lord Durham, who is returning from Russia, will divide the radical Whig union, and have a trial of his own strength against them. Brougham has written to some friends here to say that *he* will soon be in office again. The Conservatives appear equally sure of a break up in the Ministry.

From France, we have little news, save that Louis Philippe's amnesty has wrought wonders in his favor.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, MAY 24.

The sales to day were 2500 bales. Although there has been a fair demand yesterday and to-day, the advance noticed in our last has partially disappeared and the market closes heavily.

## Late from Mexico.

NEW YORK, JUNE 24.

*More Mexican Outrages.*—We have seen and conversed with Capt. Freeman, late of the schooner Gardiner, belonging to Gardiner, Maine, who has given us the following account of an outrage committed upon his vessel, and abuse of himself and his crew by the Mexican Government Officers at Tobasco. This outrage has been made the subject of complaint on the part of the American Consul at Tobasco to the Secretary of State at Washington, and the subject is now before the Cabinet at Washington. We have seen a letter from the American Consul, and can, therefore, vouch for the truth of the following:

Capt. Freeman left New York on the 25th of March last, and arrived at Tobasco on the 25th of April, in ballast, and two boxes of medicines ordered by a resident physician of Tobasco. The boxes were regularly cleared and entered at the Customs, and the sailing of the Gardiner with the medicine and the ballast were facts known to the Mexican Consul of N. York.

Capt. F. delivered his manifests to the boarding officer and discharged his ballast. The boarding officer requested the boxes to be kept on board until he obtained further orders from officers of higher authority. He loaded his vessel with logwood, and proceeded to the city to obtain a clearance. The boxes of medicine were delivered at the Custom-house. At the same time Capt. F. asked for his clearance, he was summoned to appear before Fellipe Orpeza, a district judge of Tobasco.

The judge told Captain F. his vessel was confiscated, and required him to sign a paper, stating that he had legal trial, and that his vessel was legally condemned.—Captain F. refused to sign the paper, until he had seen the American Consul, (Mr. Colman) at Tobasco. Capt. F. and the Consul, went to see the judge in a few hours. The judge refused to recognise the authority of the Consul, and said to the Captain of the schr., that it was none of his business. The judge again required the Captain to sign the paper, renouncing all allegiance to the schooner, and to state that he had a regular trial, and that his vessel was legally condemned. The Captain refused a second time to sign the paper, and was threatened with imprisonment for refusal. The judge was insulting and resolute, and ordered the schooner to be taken possession of by some of the Government officers. The soldiers of the judge at once took possession of the schooner, at the point of the bayonet, and drove the crew from the schooner without provisions, although solicited by Capt. F. for a barrel of beef and bread to keep his crew from starving.

Tobasco soon after this was put under blockade by Government orders from Vera Cruz, and American vessels were forbidden to depart.

Capt. F. was detained at Tobasco fourteen days, upon his own expense. The crew were sent home by the Consul, at the government expense; and the schooner is now in possession of the government officers at Tobasco. Capt. F. took passage in the schooner Bolyson, of Marblehead, and arrived at New York yesterday.

Capt. F. informs us that war is the subject of conversation at Tobasco, and the Mexican officers commit these outrages in order to be beforehand in making reprisals—at least, such is their declaration.

Such, we believe, is a correct account of the capture of the American schooner by the authorities of Mexico. Such abuses deserve, not merely the censure of our government, but they call forth interference of the American government. We should hasten to condemn such outrages, and not be slow to demand final and complete satisfaction.—*Express.*

*From the N. O. True American, June 17.*

*Late from Texas.*—We have received the Velasco Herald, Thursday, June 6th.

The Revenue Law went into force on the 1st inst.

The law against gambling, as passed by the Congress, enforces a fine of from $100 to 2000 against all persons playing *banking games*, and 500 to 1000 dollars against any persons permitting such games to be played in their houses.

*Mexico.*—General Montezuma is in active rebellion against the President and authorities of Mexico. He has issued a proclamation and called the people to "arms." As Houston says,—you may call spirits from the vasty deep; but will they come in when you do call. The troops of General Bravo have been despatched to put down this new rebellion: so this obstacle, if such an army could be called one—is removed from that part of the Texan army who have been so eager to march on Matamoras—but the Rio Grandee is an impediment not quite so readily overcome if encountered.

*New Orleans, June 18.*

*From Texas.*—The following extracts of a letter, we received yesterday from this new republic, will be found interesting.—We do not vouch for their authenticity, but publish them just as received. From numerous rumors in town we gather that there is some plot on foot against Houston. A generous opposition would do him or Texas no harm, but intrigue or corruption we hope never to see in this new and fertile country. The extracts spoken of are as follows:

"There is a strong and deep laid opposition beginning to be manifest against the President Houston, and the purpose has been openly avowed to impeach him. That the attempt will be made, however, I think doubtful. There has lately issued from the press here a pamphlet, in which he is severely handled, quite stripped of his laurels received at San Jacinto, and displayed, as I think, in his true character of——but no matter; the pamphlet shows him to be not fit for, nor deserving of the office he holds."

"The city of Houston, it is said, is falling faster than it has risen—that goods are there selling at auction at any price they will bring, and that for lots there is no sale. Such a result must have been expected by reflecting, intelligent men; that a place without scarce any natural advantages, should suddenly rise to such a vast importance and maintain it, is certainly not to be expected. I am glad it is to find its level so soon; but shall be sorry if it should be the means, as I fear it will, though unjustly, of lessening confidence in Texas."—*Pioneer.*

## Latest Indian News.

LATEST FROM FLORIDA.

By the schr. *Erie*, Capt. Simon, arrived yesterday forenoon, we have received the Savannah Georgian of Tuesday, from which we copy the following:—

*Interesting and authentic from Florida.* We learn from Capt. D'Lagnel, of the Ordinance Corps, who arrived from Garey's Ferry on Sunday evening in the steamer Charleston, Capt. Bonnell, that an express arrived at Garey's Ferry on Friday last from Tampa, which place he left on the 14th, that it is true that Micanopy, Jumper, and others had left Tampa previous to the 14th inst. but their departure has not induced a suspicion on the part of the Army that they intended to be insincere.

Their reasons for leaving are, as detailed in several letters, that they became alarmed from the appearance of the measles at Tampa, which the Indians mistook for small pox. Abraham, the negro chief and interpreter, is still at Tampa Bay, as Capt. D'L. has been informed.

Micanopy sent back to Capt. Page a horse which he had borrowed, and forty dollars also borrowed from Capt. P.

Micanopy sent word to Gen. Jesup, that "he had a straight tongue"—implying that he would fulfil his engagements.

Philip and other chiefs had been in the camp at Lake Monroe, (Fort Mellon) Philip looking emaciated. They had appeared owing to a message of Col. Harney that he would issue no rations unless the Chiefs came in *propria personæ*.

The report that several men had been murdered (near Big Spring) is declared to be totally unfounded.

Gen. Jesup has not advised the inhabitants to abandon their crops or retire upon the posts, having merely ordered Major Whiting to direct the inhabitants to be on the alert in case any partial aggression should be offered by straggling Indians.

Fort Armstrong could not have been attacked, as it has been abandoned at least a month since as it was an unhealthy location, and the garrison removed to Fort King.

Gen. Jesup was at Tampa Bay on the 15th, he having been to Fort Foster on the Hillsboro' to see that the comforts of the troops were attended to.

Major Gates has been assigned to the command of the troops at Micanopy and its vicinity.

*Remarkable Longevity.*—A correspondent at Easton, Pennsylvania, informs us that there is now living near that place an old man by the name of John Linn, (as well as we can make out the name from the writing,) of the age of one hundred and four years. He formerly lived in St. Mary's county, Md., and was a carpenter by trade. "He tells me," says our communicant, "he built the public buildings in the town of Montgomery, in St. Mary's county, in the year 1774–5. I remember him myself since the year 1777. He is a remarkable man; has a full head of hair, good eyesight, is very intelligent, of free and easy conversation, and talks freely of old times. He has a double set of teeth, and says he broke three of them by throwing bags of wheat over his head with his teeth, having been an over-powerful man. He married his third wife in his ninetieth year, and she died the first of January last. He is now becoming feebler. We think he was a tory in the Revolution; for he does not speak well of General Washington, with whom he says he was a play-mate when they were boys."—*Nat. Intel.*

*Singular Preservation from Drowning.*—A gentleman, taking a trip of pleasure across the Sound day before yesterday, while snoring most melodiously among trunks and band-boxes, was requested by one of the hands on board the steam-boat, "to move," as he was lying on some baggage that was to be sent ashore in a few moments. Showing no intention of resigning his comfortable resting place, the fellow gave him a push, which sent him overboard. Fortunately for his life, it was a very hot day, and some tar, melted by the heat of the sun, had trickled down upon the band-boxes under him, and when he went overboard a band-box adhered to each arm, and thus he buoyed up till a rope was thrown him, not however, until the band-boxes (whose fair owner, no doubt wished him at the bottom of the sound) were completely saturated with the briny billows.—*N. Y. Sun.*

An interesting anecdote of Lord Kenyon's sensibility was related in the British House of Commons, by Mr. Morris, in the debates of 1811. Of the occurrence that gentleman had been an eye-witness. On the home circuit he said, some years since, a young woman was tried for having stolen to the amount of forty shillings in a dwelling house. It was her first offence, and was attended with many circumstances of extenuation. The prosecutor appeared, as he stated, from a sense of duty; the witnesses very reluctantly gave their evidence; and the jury still more reluctantly their verdict of *guilty*. The judge passed sentence of *death*. She instantly fell lifeless at the bar! Lord Kenyon, whose sensibility was not impaired by the sad duties of his office, cried out, in great agitation, from the bench—"I don't mean to hang you! Will nobody tell her I don't mean to hang her?" I then felt, he justly added, as I now feel, that this was passing sentence, not on the prisoner, but on the law.—*Law Magazine.*

The following is a copy of an inscription on a tombstone in Irongray churchyard, near Dumfries. Most probably it has been published before, but it will stand reprinting: "This stone was erected by the author of *Waverly* to the memory of Helen Walker, who died in the year of God 1791. This humble individual practised in real life the virtues with which fiction has invested the imaginary character of Jeanie Deans, refusing the slightest departure from veracity, even to save the life of a sister; she, nevertheless, showed her kindness and fortitude in rescuing her from the severity of the law, at the expense of personal exertions, which the time rendered as difficult as the motive was laudable. Respect the grave of poverty when combined with love of truth and dear affection."—*Greenock Adv.*

ANCIENT SILVER COIN.

We have in our possession one of a number of silver coins, which was recently ploughed up by a man named Nash, in Goldsborough, Me. There was about four hundred dollars in value in the pot, when it was discovered. The coins are all French, and of very ancient dates, ranging from 1602 to 1720—and are extremely perfect in their appearance, so much so that they appear as though they had come directly from the mint. It is supposed to have been deposited there during the French war—but whether it was or was not, we will leave to the lovers of antiquity to decide. The piece we have is dated 1720, and is about the size and thickness of a Spanish quarter dollar.—*Haverhill Gaz.*

*Deformed Child.*—In the village of Wymoopham, near Milton Mowbary, England, not long since, Mrs. George, the wife of Ralph George, a respectable shoemaker, was delivered of a son who has four legs, four arms, and is in other respects much deformed. The head and bust are well shaped. Up to the present time, both child and mother are doing well, and there appears no reason to suppose that the child will not live.—*Pennsylvanian.*

*A Lady Sailor.*—The New York Courier and Enquirer says that "Mrs. Holdridge, the wife of Captain N. Holdridge, of the packet ship United States, arrived on Tuesday in that vessel—it being her thirtieth voyage across the Atlantic! We think she is fairly entitled to a command, having in every instance sailed as the mate of Capt. H."

*Advantages of Credit.*—Mr. Talliaferro, an Old Line Bank Member of Congress from the State of New York, in a discussion which took place at the last session, expressed himself on this subject in the following forcible language:

"The credit system is the distinguishing feature between despotism and liberty; it is the offspring of free institutions: it is found to exist, and its influence to felt, in proportion to the freedom enjoyed by any people. By freedom I do not mean unregulated, unrestrained, natural liberty, but that freedom which is founded on just and equitable laws, where the rights of personal security, of private property, and religious toleration, are guaranteed to every individual; where there is a general diffusion of knowledge, and the existence of public and private morality. These are the elements, and they together form the basis of public confidence upon which the credit rests. This is the invention of modern times. In the old governments of Europe, where liberty never found a resting place, credit was unknown. To the United States has been left the honor of maturing and perfecting this system. To the United States, also, is the honor due of having first applied the system of steam navigation. The effects upon the general prosperity of the nation have been as sensibly felt in the one case as in the other; and he who should, at this day, recommend an entire abandonment of our credit system for a *sole and exclusive* metallic currency, would be deemed no less visionary than he who should attempt to substitute a Pennsylvania wagon, for a locomotive or a canal packet, or should endeavor to stem the resistless current of the Mississippi in a flat boat, instead of those splendid palaces which now move majestically on its waters."

*Kendallism!*—Amos Kendall refuses to receive the warrants issued by the Post Office Department, in payment of Post Office debts! This is infinitely worse than the conduct of the non-specie paying Banks, which are the daily objects of the Globe's abuse. While the Banks refuse to redeem their notes in specie, they do not hesitate to receive them from their creditors, in liquidation of their debts. But Kendall issues warrants to the creditors of his Department, in lieu of "gold and silver," which he arrogantly promised should be always forthcoming to meet demands against him, and then refuses to receive back again these warrants from those indebted to him! Such conduct amounts not only to a confession of bankruptcy, but is a downright fraud upon the public.

*An Insolvent Bank!*—The Vicksburg Sentinel of the 6th inst. says, "United States Bank notes now command a premium of FORTY-FIVE PER CENT, in this city. *They are still five per cent better* than silver." Well done this, for the notes of an insolvent Bank. Don't you think so, Mr. Ritchie?

Seriously, however, can any fact more strongly than this demonstrate the necessity of a National Bank to regulate exchanges?

A FACT FOR THE PEOPLE—*or a cud for the friends of a specie paying administration to chew.*

A few days ago a gentleman paid $20 in specie, into the patent office at Washington, for a patent—but concluding not to take that patent, but to take another, he received a check for $20 of the money back—$10 being retained as fees, &c. The next day he put ten more silver dollars with the check and handed it to the proper officer or clerk, for another patent, but the check was refused, and the silver for the whole required 67 by the individual who gave the check and who had received the silver!!!—[*Phil. Commercial Herald.*

A PRETTY STRONG COMMITTEE.

The "Washington Globe" positively asserts, that the Committee which recommended calling Congress together, came back to New York, and finished matters in their own way—thus—viz:

Broke the Government.
Broke the United States Bank.
Broke the State Banks from Maine to Georgia.
Repealed the Specie Circular.
Extended the payment of Bonds.
Shipped all the specie to England.
Compelled the President to call Congress together.
Recommended foreigners to be paid their honest dues, &c. &c.—*N. York Express.*

☞ *South Carolina Bank Notes.*—We learn that the Banks of S. Carolina in Charleston have not only refused to pay specie for their notes but have refused to redeem them at par value with any thing in the shape of money. *They have likewise refused to take them on Deposite allowing simple interest for them.* This ranks them with *irredeemable paper.* They are a profitless incumbrance in the hands of those who hold them. We notice this to warn the people of North Carolina against the reception of the bills of these banks which may emphatically be styled Rag money, and which is not only destitute of intrinsic but representative value. To what use can they be applied in our State? They will neither pay taxes or debts.—*Fay. Journal.*

Mr. Green, the Englishman who is about to ascend in a balloon from buffalo, has procured a balloon formed of linen, coated with India rubber, from the factory of the Messrs. Pike, New York. There is not a single stitch in the whole machine, which contains 1,300 yards of linen, is the capacity of 19,000 cubic feet, with an ascensive power of 700 pounds, and the capacity to sustain that weight for one hundred hours. The quantity of materials necessary to inflate this machine will be 2,800 pounds of zinc, and 3,000 pounds of sulphuric acid.

There is nothing more awkward than breaking off an acquaintance, except the renewal of one which has been broken off.

THE BOAT QUESTION.

The Captain of the [illegible] has published a statement in relation to [illegible] that boat. He denies having [illegible] any boats on that unfortunate [illegible] tradicts the report of his [illegible] ested at the time, and [illegible] the nicest boat Alive [illegible] having flashed [illegible] ceasing their [illegible] Captain C. states [illegible] himself were the [illegible] and that every [illegible] officers as well as [illegible] seagers. The [illegible] also been greatly [illegible] not over 150 to [illegible] children, servants [illegible] time the Boo[illegible] this number be [illegible] over 60 or 65 [illegible] 200 as had been [illegible] C. concludes his [illegible]

"I myself [illegible] the boat to shore, [illegible] was too late to [illegible] thereby lost my father [illegible] and got my wife [illegible] she was not expected [illegible] myself slightly; [illegible] death and in my wife's [illegible] hold of her, and the other [illegible]

AN IMPORTANT ARRANGEMENT—PHILADELPHIA AND NASHVILLE.

We learn that a most important arrangement has been entered into by the United States Bank and the Bank of Pennsylvania, of that city, and the Bank of Nashville. It is to this effect: The Girard Bank has agreed to loan to the Union Bank of Nashville $500,000 in post notes payable at Philadelphia; and the Bank of Pennsylvania has entered into a similar arrangement with the Planters' Bank of Nashville for $300,000. These two negotiations will greatly facilitate the commercial intercourse between the two places, inasmuch as the Nashville banks will be able to loan out these post notes to the merchants who are in debt or desire to make purchases in this city. Thus business transactions will be greatly facilitated. It would be well for other banks in the West and South to pursue a similar course, and thus contribute something to relieve the embarrassment and difficulty under which the merchants and men of business in remote sections of the country are now laboring.—*Philadelphia ps.*

A successful speculation is often a greater evil than a blessing; it upsets all one's notions of the value of time, of industry, and of money; it is a moral evil, because it violates the law of Nature, which requires that a part of every day, and every year of one's life, should be devoted to procuring the means of subsistence for the day and year; and he who, by what he calls a lucky hit, secures to himself what he calls a fortune, sometimes cuts off from the remainder of his days a wholesome and natural source of pleasure. If he have devoted all his powers and energies to Mammon for the best part of his life, he is sold to himself and can no more live tranquilly, without his stimuli, than can he, who has been excited for years by alcohol, give up the stimulus of drink. Hence, you find such men uneasy and fretful in old age; hence, often it is, that they are envious and vexed at the sight of happiness in others; and that they seem to think a poor man has no right to enjoy himself more than they can, who have *earned* a hundred thousand dollars.—*Boston House's Address.*

The schooner 'Independence,' lately taken by the Mexicans, was used as a place of confinement for Santa Anna, shortly after his capture, and was under the command then, of the lamented Commodore Hawkins. It was a constant practice with the captive to beguile the time by using his knife in cutting out letters, and figures, and fantastic devices; and to the day of her capture she had the words "SANTA ANNA" cut out by his own hand. When he had finished his amusement, the Commodore stepped up, and taking off his hat, with a polite bow, said, Permit me to congratulate your excellency on having now put your name to the Independence of Texas.—*N. York Express.*

*Emigrants.*—From the 9th to the 12th of June, inclusive, 4939 emigrants from Europe arrived at the single port of New York. We are not surprised, in the present condition of the country, when the demand for laborers has so much diminished that two hundred of these emigrants unable to find immediate employment returned to England by the ship Rajah, which sailed from New York last Thursday, or to hear that "thousands of others would do the same had they the means"—though they would act wiser, by far, if they would turn their faces to the "great West."—*L. Vir.*

*A bankrupt State.*—The Legislature of New Hampshire has just convened. Isaac Hill, the Governor of the Granite State, in his Annual Message, tells the Legislature that "the entire expense, of your present session must be discharged, by borrowing of somebody who has money to lend." He consoles them, however, with the reflection that perhaps this bankruptcy is "a blessing in disguise!" *Perhaps so!—ib.*

*An Excellent Thought.*—The Wheeling Times suggests that Mr. Van Buren can only fulfil his pledge of following in the footsteps of his predecessor, by taking the back track, and crawling out at the same hole the General went in.




# Charlotte:

## Friday, July 7, 1837.


### Fourth of July.

The dawn of this day, (whose annual return should warm up every heart with patriotic zeal,) was ushered in by the discharge of a National Salute, and one gun for Texas. No regular arrangement had been adopted by our citizens, to celebrate the day until the evening of the 3d, further than the engagement of a dinner, from which, by the terms of subscription, all party feeling was to be excluded—both parties were to celebrate it as members of the same family, so that no unkindly feeling should mar the festivity of the occasion.

About 12 o'clock, a procession was formed and marched to the Presbyterian Church, where, after an eloquent prayer by the Rev. A. J. Leavenworth, the Declaration of Independence was read by Dr. Rufus A. Wallace. As no orator had been appointed to deliver an oration, it was proposed if their was any one present who felt disposed to address the audience on the occasion, they should do so. No one seeming disposed to say any thing, the Rev. A. J. Leavenworth was called upon to make some remarks, which were attentively listened to. They were appropriate to the occasion, and breathed a spirit of pure patriotism and vivid eloquence. We were insensibly carried back to this day sixty-one years ago, yes, and the very hour too, of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, when the iron-nerves of our fathers, which shrunk from no trial however great, was put to the test. We regret that we are incapable of doing justice, by attempting an outline of what was said. Every one appeared highly pleased. After the Rev. Mr. Leavenworth had concluded, the procession returned without any regular order, to the Court-house and separated.

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About 2 o'clock, a number of gentlemen sat down to a good Dinner, handsomely prepared by Col. M. W. Alexander—in truth, we have never attended where greater profusion was exhibited, and every thing in good taste, which was evident from the manner in which all sat too, with hearty good will, to discussing its merits. After the table was cleared the following toasts were drank:

REGULAR TOASTS.

1st. *The Day we celebrate*—the day on which the Sun of Liberty rose upon our Republic—May its annual recurrence always prove to us the harbinger of Freedom, and to the rest of the world the deterioration of tyranny.

2d. *The memory of Washington.*

3d. *The President of the United States.*

4th. *The memory of La Fayette.*

5th. *The Army and Navy of the United States.*

6th. *Agriculture, Commerce and Manufactures*—each dependant on the other—the cause which affects one affects all.

7th. *Knowledge and Virtue*—the palladium of our Freedom and ægis for our protection.

8th. *The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence*—sealed with the blood of the patriots who proclaimed it on the 20th May, 1775.

9th. *The Baron De Kalb*, who fell at Camden, S. C.—the German hero and brave abettor of American Independence—the sons of thy blood will drain their veins, rather than a tyrant shall look hostilely at thy tomb.

10th. *North Carolina*—More free from commercial embarrassment than any of her sisters—May she henceforth maintain the stand amongst them to which she is justly entitled.

11th. *An enlightened Judiciary*—the surest bulwark of Freedom.

12th. *The Revolutionary Patriots*—May their declining years be attended with peace, having the consolation to know that they lived under the star spangled banner for which they toiled and bled.

13th. *The Government of the Ladies*—The only Aristocratical Government we will ever submit to.

[6 cheers.

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VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

By the President of the day, Wm. B. Alexander, a Revolutionary Soldier. May Peace, Union and Prosperity ever attend the County of Mecklenburg.

By S. McComb, Vice President. *Martin Van Buren*, President of the United States—A true republican of the old Jeffersonian school—a friend to the Union and People—an uncompromising enemy to the United States Bank, or any United States Bank—and so long as he sticks to those principles the people will stick to him, and in 1840 will elevate him to the Presidency a second term, in spite of Nullification, old Federalism and shinplaster policy.

Until this sentiment was proposed, complete harmony pervaded the whole company. A damper was now thrown upon the hilarity of the occasion, and a number who attended the dinner to celebrate the Fourth of July free from party excitement was mortified to find their pleasure so soon marred. As we stated above, it was the desire of those who first proposed the dinner to exclude party politics entirely, at least for one day, and it was so expressed on the subscription paper. We were however informed by the gentleman who gave the toast, that he had not seen the subscription paper, nor knew any thing of such an arrangement.—Under such circumstances there is none, we presume, who will feel disposed to find fault because a sentiment of this kind was given.

By the Rev. A. J. Leavenworth. *The hour of the signing of the Declaration of Independence*—one of the proudest periods in American history.

On being called on for a toast, Col. Wheeler remarked in substance that he would offer a sentiment to the company, which he felt much pleasure in doing.

He considered himself comparatively a stranger in this county, and felt much gratitude for the kindness and hospitality which had been extended towards him. But although a stranger in Mecklenburg, he was not a stranger to North Carolina. He was born in her borders, the bones of his ancestors for two generations lie mouldering in her bosom, and he felt for her all the feelings of a son towards an affectionate parent; and there are circumstances too, connected with the early history of North Carolina, which are heart cheering to her sons, and which causes them to be proud of her character. The very day we have met to celebrate, the days of '76, "the days that tried men's souls," what portion of our country threw into that dubious contest more unsolicitingly their tribute of treasure and of chivalry, than North Carolina? Look at the pages of our Revolutionary history, go to the hard fought battle fields of that eventful war, go to Eutaw, to Camden, to Guildford, and ask the hallowed earth if no North Carolina blood was spilled there? and not only are these circumstances of proud reminiscence to us, but there is a feat connected with the very spot in which we are now, still more glorious to North Carolina than all the recollections of her valor or her chivalry. It was on this spot on the 20th of May, 1775, that the citizens of Mecklenburg declared in Convention that "all political bands of union between this country and Great Britain ought to be dissolved," and the patriots of that day "solemnly pledged their lives and fortunes and their most sacred honor" to defend the Independence of the country. Nobly did they redeem their pledge! Such acts as these shine in bold relief on the pages of history, they are handed down to the admiring eyes of freemen, and will remain forever a standing monument of the firmness, patriotism, and wisdom of Mecklenburg.—This one act, more than one year in advance of the Declaration of Independence by the Congress of the United States, has done more to give character and elevation to our State among her sister States than any circumstance on the page of her history. When looking on this spirit-stirring event, who is not proud to be a North Carolinian?

"Breathes their a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land,"

and that spirit is not extinct among you. The immediate actors of that day may have descended to their tomb, but the race of the Polks, the Alexander's, the Harris's, and others is still alive, and if ever liberty needs defenders, their warm hearts and strong arms are yet ready for her cause.

Col. W. said he felt gratified that it was among such patriotic citizens his lot had been cast—that here, for weal or woe, was his destined home, and he felt honored that such was the case. To their kindness and hospitality he was already a debtor, and he offered for a toast.

*The County of Mecklenburg*—Rich in the golden ore of her hills, but richer far in the purity of her daughters, and in the patriotism of her sons.

We understand that the remarks and toast of Col. W. had the effect to cool down the angry feeling caused by the sentiment above.

By W. F. Alexander. *The 20th May*, 1775.—May it be forever remembered by the citizens of Mecklenburg in honor to those patriots who first had the boldness to declare themselves a free and independent people!

By James McComb. *The Patriots of the Revolution*—the rich legacy which they obtained and bequeathed to us their offspring, may we be unanimous to preserve it and hand it down to the latest generation.

By H. R. Williams. *Henry Emmerson* one of the Revolutionary Patriots that stood firm in the days that tried men's souls, may he never be forgotten by the friends of Liberty.

By L. B. Alexander. May we the descendants of that patriotic band who, on the 20th May, 1775, declared they would no longer be slaves but Freemen, ever cherish the principles which on that day prompted them to resist oppression and pledge their lives and fortunes for its accomplishment.

By C. T. Alexander. *Our Country.*

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land."

By P. E. Saunier. *The Fair of the South*—So justly celebrated by virtue—may that inestimable quality ever shine forth from amongst them with native effulgence.

They are as good as they are fair,
There's none on earth above them,
Pure is thought as angels are—
To see them is to love them.

By Dr. Tho. Harris. *The County of Mecklenburg*—distinguished alike for her patriotism and virtue in former times—she is proud to acknowledge that she stands pre-eminently so on in these her latter days.

By R. R. Taylor. *The venerable old Bachelors*—Their life the happiest of all. No wife to control them, no children to bawl.

By Jno. M. Wilson. It is well known that a Bachelor does not know how to appreciate the company of the fair sex.

By H. B. Williams. *Charlotte*—the birth place of American Liberty—May Liberty and Freedom always be our motto.

By B. F. Boyd. May the Gold Mines in North Carolina furnish gold sufficient to keep the Mint in Charlotte in constant operation.

By Dr. F. M. Ross. *My Country*—as it was, as it is, and as it *should be.*

By J. A. Johnson. *Old Rip*—May she continue to slumber till the pressure is over.

By Reuben Perry. Health and Prosperity to the citizens of Mecklenburg county, N. C. wishing you may receive great benefit from the location of the Branch Mint of the U. States, in your county town, Charlotte.

By Wm. Boyd. Old Mecklenburg is noted for her sons, and surpassed only by her daughters.

By S. A. Harris. Venerable Bachelors, stick firm to your integrity, suffer not yourselves to be captivated by the loving, intriguing pretty little black-eyed rosy cheek'd misses in their teens.

By A. J. Perry. *This Day.*—Which Americans patriots distinguish by solemn rites—may it be every where as it ought to be here, commemorated by social feelings, free from the prejudice of party principles.

By Dr. Wm. Jennings. *The surviving Heroes of the Revolution*—They have lived to see the fruits of their toil and blood giving life and liberty to millions of freemen.

By Jas. McComb. *July 4th 1776*—This day which we celebrate, may it long be remembered and handed down to the latest posterity.

By T. P. Ligon. *To every American*—May we be wise and learn to appreciate the distinguished privileges we enjoy as a nation.

By Wm. H. Speck. *Our Country*—The party spirit which now assail it—may it tend to clear its political atmosphere and harmonize the people.

By J. R. Neely. May the Government, the Banks, and Individuals soon be enabled to resume specie payments.

By H. M. Lee. *The Fair*—Their loveliness and beauty, is only equalled by their excellence, may no time nor circumstance rob them of those precious ornaments.

By R. R. Taylor. May the word (Bachelor) be expunged from the Journals of Matrimony—and something done for the poor old Maids.

By Jno. M. Wilson. It is the predominant trait of a Bachelor to give unfavorable toasts to the fair sex.

By B. F. Boyd. May the old Revolutionary soldiers forever be rewarded for their bravery.

By R. R. Taylor. The fair sex of Mecklenburg, so justly celebrated for Virtue, Intelligence and Beauty, equal to any and surpassed by none.

By B. F. Boyd. May the young Ladies of Mecklenburg county, long be remembered for their Beauty and Intelligence. And may they long remember the 4th July, 1776, the day that the American Independence was declared.

By Dr. J. B. S. Harris. *Liberty*—May it expand from shore to shore, like the brightest luminary of Heaven; and Despotism go down in blood, like the star that falls, to rise no more.

By J. H. Neff.

Here's to each sweet smiling lady,
(From the *fairest* to the *shady*:)
A health; and hope that all may find,
A patriot and a husband kind.

Our Correspondents must excuse us for not attending to their favors this week.

### DEATH OF THE HON. NATHANIEL MACON.

We observe, with deep regret, the announcement of the death of this distinguished and patriotic citizen, in the Warrenton Reporter of the 1st inst. He expired on the 29th of June, in the 83d year of his age. —*Ral. Standard.*

*Supreme Court.*—Charles G. Nelms, of Anson County, has been admitted to County Court practice. The following Cases have been argued since our last:

*Monday* 19. State v. Henry, from Rutherford, argued by the Attorney General for the State.—White v. Thompson *et al.* from Onslow, by Bryan, for the Plaintiff. Den *ex dem.* Mathews *et al.* v. Smith *et al.* from Rutherford, by Caldwell for the Defendant. Den *ex dem.* Duncan *et al.* v. Hill, from Buncombe, by Burton for the Defendant.—Sloan v. Wilcox, from Halifax, by Badger for the Plaintiff and Daniel for the Defendant.

*Tuesday* 20. Terrel *et al* v. Morris *et al.* from Rutherford, argued by Badger for the Defendants.

*Wednesday* 21. Goodbread, Adm'r. v. Wells *et al.* Adm'rs. from Rutherford, argued by Burton and Caldwell for the Plaintiff. Irby *et al* v. Wilson *et al.* from Lincoln, argued by Winston for the Plaintiff.

*Thursday* 22. Irby *et al* v. Wilson *et al.* from Lincoln, argued by Caldwell, Devereux and Burton for the Defendants.

*Friday* 23. Falls, Adm'r. v. Sherrill, from Iredell, argued by Caldwell for the Plaintiff. Simpson v. Meller, from Lincoln, by Caldwell and Burton for the Plaintiff. Cole *et al* v. Terry, from Richmond, by Badger for the Defendant. Smallwood v. Wood, from Halifax, by Moore for the Plaintiff and Badger for the Defendant. Gee v. Gee's Adm. *et al.* from Halifax, by Badger and Devereux for the Plaintiff and Moore for the Defendant.

*Saturday* 24. State v. Pendegrast, from Caswell, argued by the Attorney General for the State. Ward v. Bradley *et al.* from Rutherford, by Caldwell for the Plaintiff and Badger and Burton, for the Defendants.—*Ral. Register.*

### STILL LATER FROM FLORIDA.

ST. AUGUSTINE, June 22.

*Our Indian Affairs.*—We have but little to communicate in relation to our Indian affairs this week. Nothing has been heard from General Jesup for several days.

Fort Mellon has been abandoned on account of the unhealthiness of the Post. Col. Harney who commanded there has arrived here with his command of about 400 dragoons who are stationed at Fort Marion. Cen-coochy (Phillip's son) was at Fort Mellon when Col. Harney left with about 20 Indians. They expressed the most pacific intentions if the whites did not molest them, and promised not to burn the Fort. They expressed a desire to visit Col. Harney in St. Augustine.

*Later.*—Report of the Murder of Micanopy—more Indian Depredations. Since the above was in type, an express has arrived with information from the interior of considerable importance. A letter from Fort King states information had reached that post that the Seminoles, after obtaining possession of Micanopy had murdered him, and cut him to pieces. It is supposed that the cause for this act was his friendly disposition towards the whites, his continued aversion to the war, and his good faith in attempting to fulfil the late treaty. This act is taken as a decided evidence of their continued hostility, and that they will not now go off until they are entirely subdued, and their pride and arrogance humbled.

It is not precisely known how this information was received at Fort King, it is doubted by the officers of the army here; but if the negro tale be true, that he was deposed some time since and *Sam Jones* elected in his stead, it would doubtless be the object of *Sam Jones* to get rid of him to save trouble. Charley O'Mathis was served the same fate for his friendly feeling towards us.

The garrison at Fort King are represented to be very healthy. Out of six companies, there were but seven men on the sick report at the last advices.

The troops at Micanopy are also in good health.

Indians fires have been seen opposite to Picolata on the St. Johns river. Gen. Jesup is expected here in a few days and will probably establish his head quarters here.

A portion of the Creek regiment are to be stationed at Picolata for the present.—We understand that they will be ordered to Micanopy and Fort King.

The remainder will be stationed at or near Tampa Bay, until their term of service expires which will be shortly, when they will be discharged. They are tired of the war and are anxious to be discharged since February last. None have been discharged since they volunteered, except the sick, who have been sent to Mobile Point.

Two companies of Dragoons have been ordered to take post at Picolata. They will sail to day in the steamboat Camden.

We have heard it stated that ground has been planted in Alachua and Columbia counties the past season, sufficient to yield 100,000 bushels of corn; but the "sowers will not be permitted to harvest." This will all be abandoned to the enemy, together with much cattle and horses. About 10,000 head of cattle are now on the big prairie to Alachua, and lately about 300 head of horses condemned by the United States and should have been turned loose there to recruit. It is hard thus to be compelled to abandon our homes, our all, our living.

On Tuesday last Capt. Drane's company of mounted artillery, went out on a scouting expedition in the neighborhood of this city. They proceeded as far as Hewlet's Mill about 18 miles south of us, and returning making a circuit to the west about 50 miles. No signs were discovered of any Indians.

Three negroes belonging to Z. Kingsley, Esq. arrived at Picolata yesterday, from Drayton Island, near Lake George, who report that there was Indian fires all round them, and that they left from fear of capture. It is feared that the remainder, 17 in number, have been captured by the Indians, as they have not been since heard of. Mr. Kingsley re-established his plantation soon after the capitulation of the Indians.


We are authorized to announce, Dr. Jas. T. J. Orr as a Candidate for the Office of Clerk of the County Court, at the ensuing August election.

We are authorized to announce Mr. Jenkins B. Keer, as a candidate for the Office of Superior Court Clerk, at the ensuing August Election.

We are authorized to announce Bealy Oates, Esq., as a Candidate for re-election, for the Office of County Court Clerk, at the ensuing August election.

We are authorized to announce Pearsall Thompson, Esq., as a Candidate for re-election, for the office of Clerk of the Superior Court.

**☞ Important.**

THE Citizens of Charlotte are earnestly requested to attend in the Courthouse this evening, 7th July, at early candle light. It is hoped every free white man will give his attention.

**Return your List of Taxables.**

ALL persons living within the bounds of the Town Company, are hereby notified that I will attend at the Courthouse in Charlotte, on the 15th and 22d of this inst. for the purpose of taking the Tax Returns for 1837. T. L. HUTCHISON, *J. P.*

*Elysian Grove, July 3d*, 1837.

**NOTICE.**

ALL persons having to take out license, are requested to do so before or at the July Court.

J. McCONNAUGHEY, *Sheriff.*

*July 6*, 1837. 1s0

**NOTICE.**



THE New Steamboat Company beg leave to inform the public, that they are having a boat built in Baltimore of a light draught of water, for the express purpose of plying betwixt Camden and Charleston, and to be here early in September. It is confidently believed that she will be able with ease to navigate the Wateree at any stage of the river. Merchants and others from the upper country, will find it to their interest to have their Goods and Produce sent through this channel, as the freights will be reasonable,—in no case whatever, will any additional charge be made for lighterage, nor any exertions or expense wanting to ensure regularity and despatch. She will ply in conjunction with the new steamer "Camden," whose success this last season has put the navigation of the Wateree by steam beyond a doubt. Both boats will be able to accommodate passengers comfortably, being neatly fitted up, with the ladies and gentlemens' cabins distinct and separate.

BENJ. GASS,
Agent New Steam Boat Company.

*June 24*, 1837. 160


**List of Letters**

REMAINING in the Post Office at Charlotte, on the 1st of July, 1837.

A—William Ader, Andrew Alexander, Miss Mily L. Alexander, 3, Amariah Alexander, 2, Maj. Thos. Alexander, Jas. Alexander, Miss Margaret N. Alexander.

B—Lyman N. Burt, Thos. Brown, David Bryan, Jos. Boyd, John Blount, Jno. C. Barr, Messrs. Nelson & John Bird, Wm. K. Biggars, Wm. W. Bell, Sam. Barryhill.

C—Gilbert Comb, Moses H. Cannon, John H. Cook, John Campbell, Mrs. Rachael Cook, John S. Cheek, Wm. Cooper, William Cook, Mrs. Nancy Chambers, 2, W. M. Cuthbertson, David Cox, Geo. W. Cooper, William Clark, Miss Sarah M. Capps, Burch Cheshire, Jesse H. Clark, Alfred O. Cannon.

D—Dr. M. Dougherty, Miss Margaret Duckworth, Joseph Draffin, John Davidson, 3, Joshua A. Dickins, Joseph B. Douglass, 2, A. Delamothe, Thos. Dinkins, John S. Davis, Miss Leonora Davis.

E—James Eagle, C. Elms, Caleb Erwin, A. F. Edmonston.

F—David J. Ferguson.

G—John Agnot Grille, 2, James Gean, H. P. Grennell, James George, Z. M. Gould, Mary Gury, Wm. Gilliam.

H—Isaac Holyfield, Israel Hotchkiss, John Hipp, Adm'r. or Ex'r. of J. G. Hoskins, S. M. Hayes, Isaac E. Holmes.

I & J—John Irwin, Mrs. Anna Justice, Stephen Jones, Alexander Johnson, Mortimore D. Johnston, Mrs. Susan Gentry, Thos. Johnson.

K—Col. David Karr.

L—William Lacky, Mrs. Jean Leamond, J. B. Lynch, Shadrack Liddle, Danl. Ledwell.

M—Eli. Magiunis, Wm. Michael, Jno. M. Motley, Philemon Morris, Alexander Marshall, James D. Martin, Ellick McLure, Wm. Monteith, Columbus P. Miller, Wm. Miller, Mrs. Margaret McKelvy, John Means, Wm. L. Mitchell, Wilkins Morris, John Miller, R. A. Neely, Josiah Montgomery.

O—Matthew or Dicey Orman, Henry Shell, W. Bryan or Franklin Orr.

P—Wm. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Sam. Paul, 2, Mrs. Jane B. Pharr, Jno. C. Pharr, Joseph Payne, Jno. W. Prowt, Jno. Penman, 2.

R—Mrs. Sarah Richardson, Adam M. Rankin, Wm. T. Robison, Wm. Roberts, Miss Susan Robison, Henry B. Resnick, Joseph Rodgers, Miss Martha A. Robinson, John Rains.

S—Miss Elizabeth Scott, 2, Everett Stewart, 2, Doherry Stewart, Thos. J. Sandridge, 2, Genio C. Scott, James Simison, David Sindra, Burton Smith, Martha A. Stephens, Henry Spencer, David Shelby, John H. Sunford.

T—Milly Turlton, Adam Todd, Mrs. Emaha Turlton, John Thompson, Jas. W. Tagret.

V—Francis Vents, John W. Viale.

W—Miss Harriet White, J. B. Wallace, Blake Wallace, Peter Westmoreland, Joseph J. Woodrow, John Wilson, John W. C. Wilson, John M. Wilson, 2.

160 H. R. WILLIAMS, *P. M.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### FAME.

To die, and leave behind
  Nought of surviving fame,
Of the divine, creating mind,
  No trace, no single name;
To know no deed, no word,
  Our memory to restore,
But that when gone, there shall be heard
  Of us no mention more.
Nay, mock not that thou hear'st the sigh;
My friend! this is indeed to die.

But to live on and on,
  Among the great, the good,
Eternal station to have won,
  'Mid that high brotherhood;
Deep in the hearts of men
  Enshrin'd to be:
To shine a beacon to the ken
  Of far posterity:—
Who would not days for ages give?
Who would not die, such life to live?

What idle words are theirs,
  Who bid us bound our powers
To passing pleasures, present cares,
  Brief as the fleeting hours?
So deemed not they, I ween,
  The great of other days;
Whose brows still wear the living green,
  Whose lamps still brightly blaze;
So deemed not thee, who struck the lyre
With Milton's truth, with Homer's fire.

No! from a fount divine
  These restless longings come—
This hope in honored light to shine
  Above the cold, dark tomb.
Oh! when from life I part,
  Let me not wholly die;
Still with sweet song to charm the heart,
  Or raise with message high;
Still live in the remembered line—
Oh! might this glorious meed be mine.

### CUTTING CLOSE.

Said a fop to a boy, at a shavers, one day,
To make a display of his wit,
My lad, did you ever shave a monkey, I pray,
For you seem for nought else to be fit.
I never did yet, said the boy, I confess,
Shave a monkey, indeed! no not I,
It is out of my line, but sir, nevertheless,
If you will please to sit down I will try.

### WOMAN'S BLUSH.

The apple blossoms' shower of pearl,
  The pear tree's rosier hue,
Are beautiful as woman's blush—
  As evanescent too.

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It is with much pleasure that we make the gloomy subject of politics and finance give place, for a day, to the brighter picture of the following exquisite little sketch, by the most gifted and popular author of our country. There is an appropriateness in its happy hearted cheerfulness at the present time, which will make its beauty felt by all, and which, to those who know the amiable author, will have a characteristic charm, which they would hardly consent to share with the admiring thousands, who will perhaps only think, when reading it of the author of Hope Leslie and the Linwoods.—*Metropolitan.*

### WHO, AND WHAT, HAS NOT FAILED.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

To the Editors of the Metropolitan:

GENTLEMEN:—I was, a few evenings since, at a friend's house, Mr. J's. He is one of the severe sufferers by these disastrous times. Some few weeks ago he believed himself worth half a million. Loss has accumulated upon loss here, and, last week, the return of his bills upon a bankrupt house in England completed the wreck of his fortune. At the time of his failure his daughter, my lovely friend Helen, was on the point of marriage with a young lawyer, who, by dint of talent and industry, has earned an education, and who during the last year, the first of his professional career, has been in the receipt of some ten or twelve hundred dollars. This, of course, was a very inadequate income for a lady accustomed to an establishment scarcely surpassed in luxury by any in our city.

But this mattered not to Helen, or Helen's father. He "chose" he said, "that his daughter should marry poor men, he had enough for them all." And he was actually in treaty for a fine house for Helen, and had decided on the amount of a most liberal portion to be settled on her, when the blow came which deprived him of the ability to give her a shilling. Circumstances, added mortification to disappointment. Miss J. had left her "at home" cards at the houses of her friends. The wedding dresses and the wedding presents were made. The bridal veil and wedding ring were bought, and the wedding cake was actually in the house. At this crisis it was that I had gone, my face full of condolence, if it did any justice to my heart, which was full of sympathy, to pass the evening at her father's. I did not find Helen at home but there were several persons there, casual visiters, friends of the family like myself. Apprehension, sadness, or dismay sat on every countenance. The conversation naturally turned upon the all-absorbing topic of the day. Each one had his melancholy tale to relate, for each one had had his hopes. One told of one failure, and one of another—one gave a list of disasters abroad, and another produced an actual record of bankruptcies at home. It was prophecied that all who had not failed would fail.

"There is nothing left to fail," exclaimed Mr. J. striking his hands in vehement impatience, "the banks have failed, and the government has failed—every body, and every thing has failed!" "Not every thing, my dear father," exclaimed Helen, who just then entered with her lover, her face radiant with an expression that indicated that her happiness was secured from failure by *bond and mortgage*, "not every thing, sir—the moon has not failed!" This happy turn of my friend gave an impulse to my mind, and set me to observing who and what had *not failed*. I give you the result of my observations in the hope that it may lead others to look beyond the shadow of this eclipse. While returning home I echoed my friend's words "indeed the moon has not failed!" She, with her glorious train of stars, was looking down serenely on our troubled city, bearing a message of love to the disquieted spirit, an assurance that there is a better joy awaiting those "who have ceased to rejoice because their wealth is great, and because their hand has gotten much." On my way I met a friend returning from the theatre—"Did Ellen Tree succeed?" I asked. "Did Ellen Tree ever fail," he replied. "No—all the world may fail; but Ellen Tree, sweet Ellen Tree cannot fail!"

I entered my home, my old deaf friend Mrs. S. was sitting alone reading so intently, that she did not observe me. Her book touched the fountains of feeling. She wiped her spectacles, and once or twice laughed aloud. Ah! thought I, books have *not failed.* These exhaustless magazines of happiness, these silent ministers to the soul, these welcome and successful missionaries to all parts of the civilized world, have not, and *cannot fail!*"

As I went to my room I met our faithful nurse going her accustomed round to take a last look at the sleeping children. "Kindness and fidelity in domestic service have *not failed,*" thought I, as I looked at their impersonation in this excellent woman; "nor has their sweetest reward failed," I farther thought when one of the little girls, her slumbers for a moment broken, murmured, kissing her nurse, "Oh! is it you, Mammy," and then she fell into the arms of sleep, the "sweet restorer," who never fails to innocent healthful childhood.

Morning, and the sun, who always meets his engagements, came, and clouds, which, in this spring-time seldom fail, appeared, and poured, down their nourishing stores threatening to disappoint my project of a stroll to Hoboken with a party of children who were watching the Heavens, as nothing else is now watched, but the money market. The morning passed, dinner came, and the dessert and the *baby*, the youngest of six, and the pet of them all. She looked as bright as Guido's Aurora, as she made her grande entree in her brother's arms, attended by her train of sisters. At sight of her the clouds of care, that in these care-ful times accumulate, vanished from her father's brow. Her mother greeted her with the above chorus of her favorite nursery song,

"Ching a-ring a-ring ching chee
Hoa ding a bulkum darkey!"

To which she replied by clapping her hands and dancing her feet and then amidst the acclamations of her loving audience, she played her part—"almost standing alone," "almost saying mama" sitting in the centre of the table, and rolling an orange to each, and replying to the caresses of all with a grace and significance never in the world seen—except from the youngest of every happy home. "Riches may take to themselves wings," thought I, "and fly away, but the love of parents, of brothers and sisters, the beauty and joy of infancy, the riches which Heaven has ordained and watches over, *never fail.*

The clouds passed off and we went to Hoboken. The grass, freshened by the recent shower, seemed greening under our feet. The birds were on the wing singing a tedeum for the return of spring. The buds were bursting into leaves, the dogwood was just unfolding its white blossoms, and the violet opening its blue eye. "Nature has *not failed,*" thought I. "Oh! that the worn, disappointed, heart-sick denizens of your city would come forth, and enjoy a possession common to all, which wealth cannot buy, nor poverty sell, chartered by Heaven, and independent of this bank-note world!"

On my return I met in the boat my friends Mr. and Mrs. E. They have shared the disasters of the times, without having provoked them by speculation or extravagance, and now were about to leave their beautiful house in —— Square for a humble country lodging. They were both cheerful, she rather more so than usual; and when I remarked this she said, "I have a reason for it. I now know what we can and what we can't lose; and the balance is, beyond estimation, in our favour. This is no place or time for sentiment," she glanced her eyes fondly from her husband to her little boy who held her hand, "or I would tell you what of most precious I have not lost, but even here I may say, that though my husband's business has failed, his integrity, ability, industry and enterprise have not failed." "Neither," thought I, "does the fidelity of a true-hearted wife, her tenderness, fortitude, and elevatedness, put her to what you will, ever fail!

The next day was Sunday. In the evening, our pastor preached upon the times, and from the text "who shall separate us from the love of God;" and I believe not an individual left the church without a sense of the littleness of those temporal possessions that are liable to fail, and a deep gratitude for those eternal and illimitable riches that are offered to our grasp. When I came home I found the following note from Helen J.

"My dear friend, my father has at last consented that I shall not participate the general bankruptcy, so, pray come to-morrow, the day originally appointed for my wedding, and witness my *non-failure.*—Thanks to my mother I have been so instructed in domestic economy, that I may indulge in the luxury of marrying the man I love, though he have not above a thousand dollars a year; and as I hold true-love, capacity, industry, and frugality to be a sufficient security, I do not fear that we shall fail in our conjugal partnership."

A Parisian belle, during the cholera panic painted over her door, "no cholera to be spoken of here!" I would go a little farther, and during the panic, not only proscribe the agitating topic; but suggest others which, if duly considered, would relieve the pressure to which even the good and manly are two passively yielding.

*New York, May,* 1837.

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*Perpetual Motion.*—"Have you ever seen the perpetual motion?" said a loquacious old lady to her husband one day. "Yes, my dear," replied the gallant husband. "Where?" inquired she. "It is your tongue!"

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BRANCH MINT OF THE U. STATES,
*Charlotte, N. C.* 28 *June,* 1837.

**To Contractors for Building.**

PROPOSALS will be received at the office of the Superintendent of the Mint, until Wednesday the 26th day of July next, the week of Mecklenburg County Court, for enclosing the ground of the Mint, and the erection of Out Houses—that is, Kitchen, Smoke-house, Carriage-house, &c.

It is unnecessary to state minute details in this advertisement, as persons disposed to make proposals, can examine the drawings, plans and specifications at the office of the Superintendent of the Mint. Col. John Wheeler, or by applying to the undersigned.

The whole work to be done in the most substantial manner, and of the best materials, and in accordance with the designs and delineations referred to, and to be completed by the 1st day of December next.

Bond and security required for the faithful performance of the contract.

Bids and contracts may be made for the brick work separate from the wood work.

Payments to be made in behalf of the United States, on account of this contract, in proportion of three-fourths of work done, the balance is to be paid when the work shall have been completed.

Proposals to be sealed and directed to the undersigned.

S. McCOMB,
*Commissioner of the Branch Mint.*

N. B. I will sell to the highest bidder, on the last day of receiving contracts, viz. the 26th day of July next, the old Gin House, which stands on the Mint Square.

* * The Republican at Lincolnton, and the Western Carolinian at Salisbury, will publish this advertisement until the 26th of July next, and forward their accounts to the Commissioner for payment.

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**Now's the Time!**

**FRESH TURNIP SEED.**

AS the time is just coming on to sow the Ruta Baga—I announce that I have just received a fresh supply; and also the late Flat Dutch, the best Turnip that grows for family use.

WM. HUNTER.

*June* 28, 1837. t54

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**NOTICE.**

ALL persons are hereby notified not to settle with Thomas Blakeley, for any Lumber they may purchase at my Mill, as he is not authorised to receive payment.—Those that do so may expect to have to settle their accounts *again* with me.

MARTIN ICEHOWER.

*June* 26, 1837. t54

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**$25 Reward.**



STRAYED or stolen from the subscriber at Bennettsville, about the 15th of May last, *a bald faced* CHESNUT SORREL HORSE, aged about five years—about fifteen hands high.

The above reward will be given to any person who will deliver said horse to me at Bennettsville, or will be handsomely rewarded if they tell me where he is, so that I get him again.

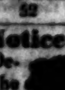
E. J. COSNAHAN.

*Bennettsville, 14th June,* 1837. 52 6t

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**Commissioner's Notice.**





BY virtue of a Decree made by the Judge of the Superior Court of Law and Equity, held for the county of Mecklenburg, at the Courthouse in Charlotte, on the 3d Monday in February last, I shall expose to public sale at the Courthouse in Charlotte, on Tuesday the 25th of July next, (being the Tuesday of the County Court,) the following tracts of land, belonging to Elizabeth Wilson, (Idiot,) to wit:

One tract lying on the waters of Steel Creek, adjoining the lands of Robert Bigham, Alexander Robinson, Zenas A. Grier and others, containing **182** acres.

—ALSO—

The said Elizabeth's interest in a tract of land, lying three miles South of Charlotte, on the Camden road, adjoining the lands of Joseph H. Wilson, Benjamin Smith, Wm. Campbell and others, the whole tract containing about **500** acres.

—ALSO—

The said Elizabeth's interest in a tract of land, lying about 3 miles from Charlotte, on the Roswell Ferry road, adjoining the lands of Lawson H. McCoy, Simon Vanpelt, Jas. Brawley and others, the whole tract containing **115** acres.

The above lands will be sold on a credit of twelve months, the purchaser giving bond and security for the purchase money.

ISAAC S. ALEXANDER, *Commissioner.*

*June* 13*th*, 1837. t55

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**Bridge to build.**

ON the second Saturday in July next, will be let to the lowest bidder, the building of a BRIDGE across East Sugar Creek, on the Providence road, at Spring's Meadow. The Commissioners will attend on that day at 12 o'clock, on the bank of the Creek, for the purpose of closing the contract, with the plan and specifications. The undertaker will be required to give security for the faithful performance of his contract.

JOHN WALKER,
CHAS. T. ALEXANDER,
WM. S. NORMENT, } *Commissioners.*

*June* 15, 1837. 51-3t

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**Pay your Taxes!!**

THE Taxes for the year 1836 is now due and ready for collection, and persons interested are informed that they must be paid in Specie or North Carolina Bills, as this is the only kind of money that will be taken from me in payment of the State Tax. J. M'CONNAUGHEY, *Sheriff.*

*April* 26, 1837. 43tf

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**NOTICE.**

THE Subscriber wishing to leave the State, offers for sale (upon very reasonable terms) the plantation on which he now lives, lying 4 miles west of Charlotte, containing 250 Acres. The tract of land will be divided to suit purchasers if desired. The land is equal to any in the neighborhood and under good cultivation. The situation is very healthy, land well timbered, excellent water, and Orchard. The Dwelling and out houses are very comfortable. Being desirous to remove, I will give a first rate bargain to any person or persons who may feel disposed to purchase.

WM. M. BOSTWICK.

*June* 14, 1837. t53

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ESTABLISHMENT OF THE

**JOURNAL OFFICE,**

***FOR SALE.***

OWING to the intended removal of one of the Editors, and the wish of the other to devote himself more exclusively to the duties of his profession, the undersigned offer for sale, the Establishment of the *North Carolina Journal Office.* The Office is well found in Job, Newspaper and Ornamental Type; the list of Subscribers is tolerably large, and they doubt not, might be greatly augmented by a little exertion. To any person desirous of embarking in the business, it offers inducements not inferior to any in this State, but to a practical printer, they know of no investment he could make of his money that would yield him a more profitable return.

HYBART & STRANGE.

*Fayetteville, May* 30, 1837.

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***Are you Sick?***

WE have just received a fresh supply of Dr. **Beckwiths Pills**—for Sale by

WILLIAMS & BOYD.

*May* 23, 1837. 47tf

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***Dissolution.***

THE copartnership hitherto existing under the firm of *Wm. J. Keahey & Co.,* is this day dissolved by mutual consent.—Those indebted to the firm are requested to make immediate settlement by Cash or Note, with Wm. J. Keahey.

WM. J. KEAHEY,
A. M. RANKIN.

*May* 10, 1837. t54

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**Wm. J. Keahey**



HAS the pleasure of announcing to his friends and the public, that he is better prepared than formerly, to accommodate satisfactorily, all who favor him with their patronage.

*May* 10, 1837.

***To Tailors.***

The subscriber would inform the trade, that he is agent for two of the most popular systems for Tailoring in the United States. Call and see something new.

WM. J. KEAHEY.

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***Once More!***



THE subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of Charlotte, and the public generally, that he has added to the **Omnibus Concern** more Horses and Carriages, and feels confident that he can accommodate all who may wish private conveyances from Charlotte. He also keeps

**Saddle Horses.**

Terms of hire reasonable.

B. P. BOYD.

*April* 12, 1837, t53

N. B. The subscriber also keeps for the accommodation of the Travelling Public,

**Corn, Fodder, Hay, Meal, &c.**

for Sale. Call at the Post Office.

B. P. B.

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***Taken Up***



AND committed to the Jail of Mecklenburg County, on the 9th inst., a Negro boy named *GEORGE*, about 18 or 20 years of age, and about 5 feet 10 inches high. Said negro says he belonged to David Wethers, of Brunswick co. Virginia, who sold him to George Rainey, who was taking him to the State of Mississippi, and that he left at Salisbury. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away.

JOS. McCONNAUGHEY, *Jailer.*

*Dec.* 12, 1836. 24-tf

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**Removal.**

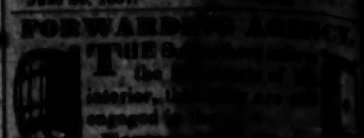
THE subscriber informs his [illegible] he has removed his shop [illegible] immediately before Mr. A[illegible] few doors south of the [illegible] he will be glad to wait [illegible]

[illegible]

*June* 28, 1837.

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**FORWARDING AGENCY.**



THE Subscribers inform [illegible] the [illegible] of the interior, that they are still engaged in the [illegible] Forwarding [illegible] Way, and trust that with [illegible] and experience they now [illegible] in the transaction of this business, [illegible] merit the patronage heretofore conferred. They have large **Ware House** [illegible] the river and is ready for the reception of forwarding Goods, apart from other buildings, and comparatively safe from Fire.

WILLKINGS & BELDEN,
*Fayetteville.*

*Refer to*

MR. J. J. BLACKWOOD, Charlotte.
Messrs. BARRINGER & PHIFER, } Concord.
" J. F. & C. PHIFER,
" PHIFER & [illegible]

*Fayetteville, April,* 1837. 43tf

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***Just in Time!***



THE Subscribers inform their friends and former customers that they are now receiving from the cities of New York and Philadelphia, a large and splendid stock of

***Spring and Summer***

**GOODS,**

of the latest styles and approved patterns. They are determined to sell as low as any, men, and will in all cases make liberal discounts to persons paying *Cash.* They wish their friends to call and "*take a peep*" at their STOCK. Any person buying by the piece shall have bargains. They so wish it distinctly understood, that they are the General *Agents* for selling

**Dr. Peters' Anti-billious Pills,**

that they receive them from head quarters and are warranted to be *genuine.* Any person can be supplied by the quantity at a small advance.

—ALSO ON HAND—

**Judkin's celebrated Ointment,**

**Best Rio and Laguira Coffee,**

***St. Croix Sugar and Salt,***

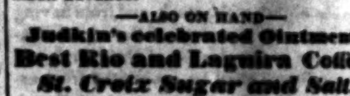
with many other articles in our line. Please call and see.

WILLIAMS & BOYD.

*Charlotte, April* 26, 1837. 43tf

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**NEW CABINET SHOP.**



THE Subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of Charlotte and its vicinity that he has commenced the

**Cabinet Making Business,**

at his house, four doors east of the Carriage Shop, where he is prepared to make all articles in the above line, on the shortest notice. Having employed good workmen, he will warrant his work to be as well done, as low, and as durable, as any ever made in this place. All he wishes is a fair trial to ensure a share of the public favor.

The subscriber intending to work for Cash only, request all persons wishing Furniture of any description to call and see him.

ARCHIBALD HILL.

*Dec.* 5, 1836. 23tf

N. B. All articles in the above business repaired on the shortest notice.

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**WILLIAM W. GRAY'S**



***INVALUABLE***

**OINTMENT,**

**For Ulcers, Tumours, &c.,**

*Can now be obtained of the Patentee, at the Office of the Raleigh Register.*

Single Pot, 1 dollar—One dozen, 9 dollars.

WILLIAM W. GRAY.

Raleigh, October 4th, 1836. 15tf

***ANOTHER GREAT CURE.***

*Raleigh, September* 21, 1836.

I am now 58 years of age—when in my 17th year, I received a wound on my left leg, which became ulcerated, and continued so until the [illegible] of March last. It would occasionally heal and then break out again; but most of the time it was in a very painful condition, the sore having extended to a large size, and become very [illegible]. I tried many remedies to make a cure, without success, until I applied *Gray's Invaluable Ointment,* two pots of which have effectually cured my leg, and reduced it to its natural size. The cure would have been made much sooner, had I strictly attended to the directions for the use of the Ointment; but this I failed to do, while I took much exercise, and very imprudently used tight bandage. My leg has been well for more than six months, during which time, I have walked much, yet it remains firm and free from all soreness or inflammation. After having been afflicted for a period of forty-one years, I now enjoy the benefit of a sound leg again.

LEWIS HOLLOMAN.

GRAY'S OINTMENT, for Sale at
WILLIAMS & BOYD.

*March* 7, 1837. 36tf

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**WARRANTEE DEEDS**

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.